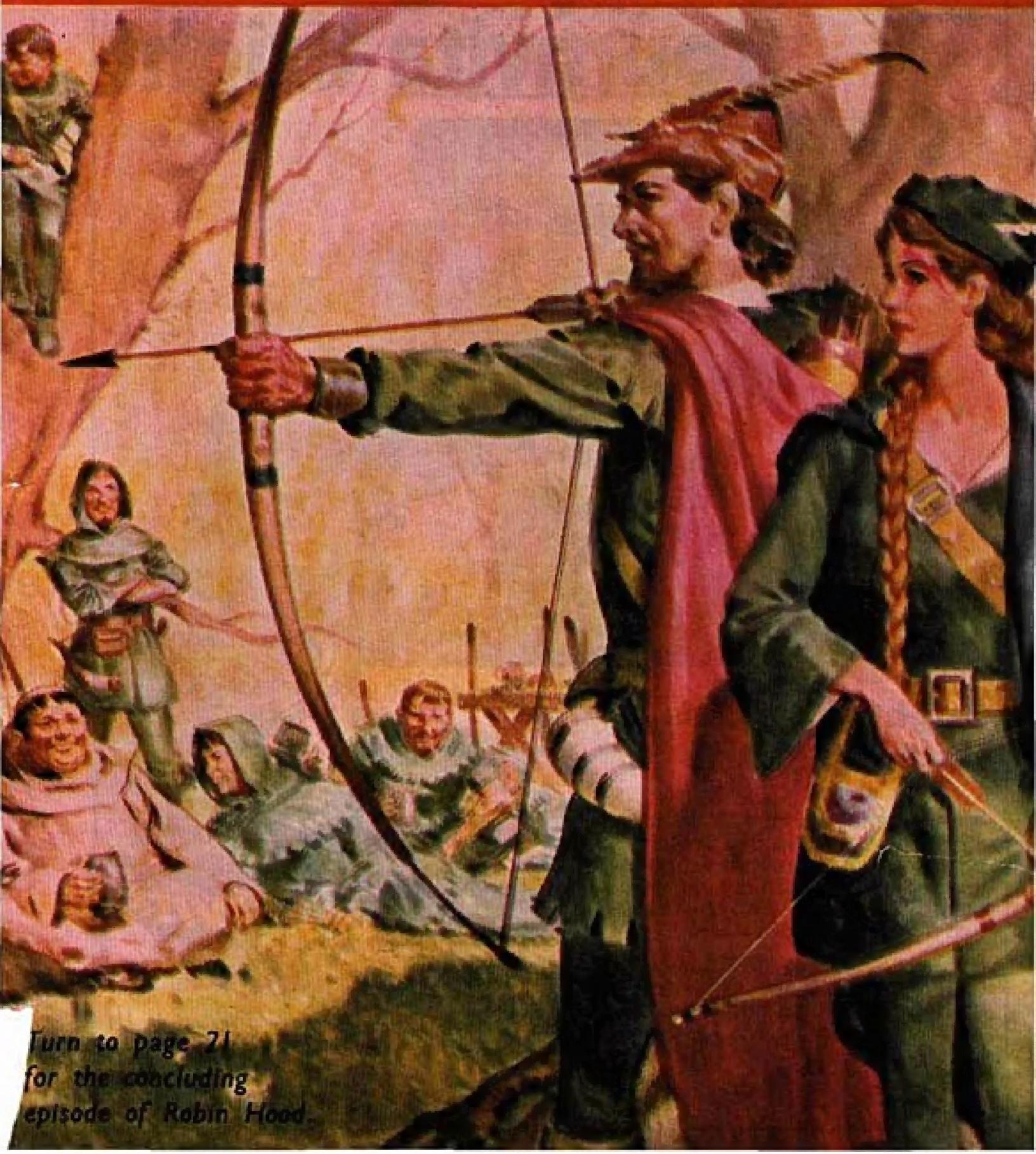


CHANDAMAMA



Turn to page 21
for the concluding
episode of Robin Hood

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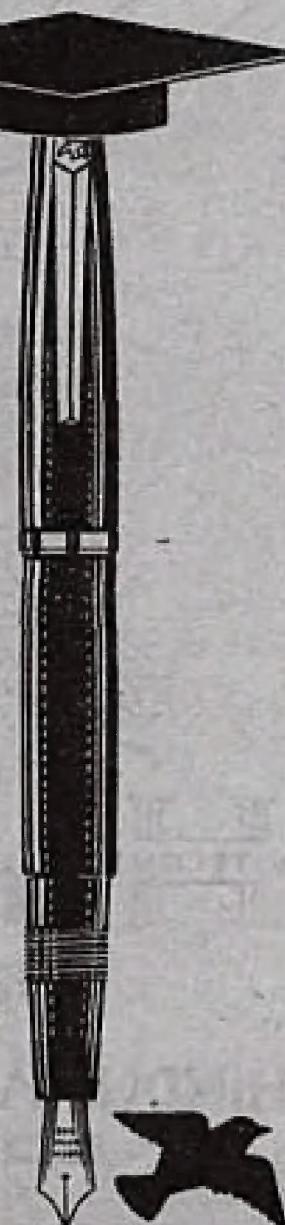
MADRAS - 26

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CHANDAMAMA

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ABU THE WRESTLER

Long long ago there lived in the land of Persia a poor man. He had a son named Abu who was an expert in wrestling. Now Abu wanted to earn fame as a national wrestler. So he sought his father's permission for fulfilling his desire.

The father said, "Son, it is not enough to have strength. You must have luck also. We are doomed to live in poverty. So be satisfied with what you have. Do not aspire for more."

But the son would not listen. He began to pester his father continuously until at last his father said, "Abu, go your way. But remember that no man will pay heed to a mere muscle man. Scholars, singers and scientists are the ones who are

most respected. You are none of these. However, I won't stop you. Go anywhere you like."

Abu did not in the least mind the harsh words of his father. He set off at once and walked to the harbour where a ship stood ready to sail. He went to the ship's captain and begged to be taken aboard. But the Captain said, "Are you not ashamed to cadge for a free lift? You look as strong as a bull and yet you roam about idle! Are you not ashamed of your conduct?"

Now Abu was highly incensed to hear the biting words, and without further thought jumped on the captain and planted a strong blow on his jaw. The

other sailors came running to the rescue of the captain, but Abu struck them like a whirlwind. No one could stand before him. But when the captain recovered, he thought: 'This fellow is amazingly strong. He'll be useful in any future fight'. So he took Abu aboard the ship.

After the ship had set sail Abu began to stalk the ship like a lion. Such was his temper that he was constantly picking fights with the crew. Disgusted with all this the captain decided to throw him out of the ship.

One day the captain exclaimed, "There's going to be a severe storm soon. We must anchor our ship at the rock of Dabi. Abu, swim to that rock and tie this anchor rope."

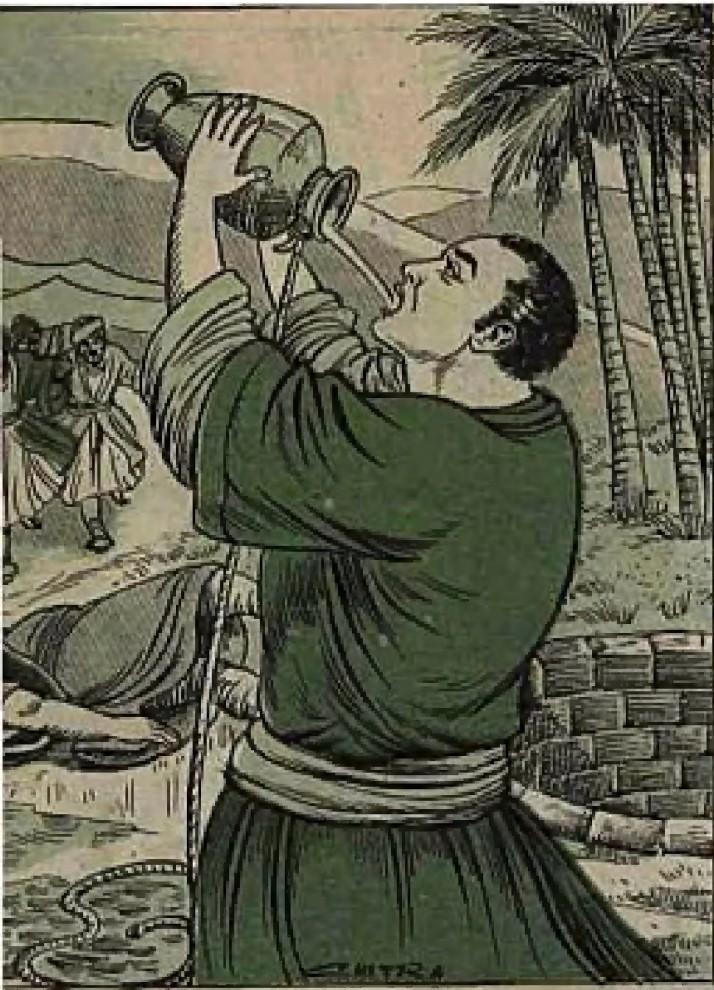
Abu jumped out and swam to the rock. No sooner had he done so then the captain unfurled his sails and the ship glided over the horizon. Poor Abu was stranded on the rock. But undaunted, he jumped into the sea and swam for the distant shore.

Tired and weary Abu walked ashore and made his way to an oasis. There a guard posted at the watersite refused to give



him water unless he paid up a toll fee. Abu refused. A quarrel broke out and the guard was severely assaulted by the young man. Then Abu drank his fill and feeling refreshed walked further inland. He came to an inn which overflowed with merchants of a caravan which was proceeding through a desert. Abu begged for lodging but the innkeeper turned him away brusquely, saying, "If you can't pay for your food and lodging you can't stay here."

Poor Abu was about to turn away when one of the caravaneers stepped forward and



said, "Young man, don't go. You look quite strong and able. We need someone to protect us against bandits. Will you take up the job of protecting us?"

Abu agreed gladly and went with the caravan. He had occasion to fight many times and the members of the caravan regarded him favourably. But the leader was intensely jealous of his popularity, and so one night when Abu was asleep, he called for his men and said, "By keeping this fellow here longer than necessary, we are endangering ourselves. He has proved to be so strong that he

may even attack us. So let us go away, leaving him here."

When the morning came Abu found himself alone. Of the caravan there was no trace. Abu wandered around until he came to an abandoned boat on the sea-shore. He got into it and began to row out to the sea in the hope that some merchant ship will pick him up.

Sure enough, after some hours a ship appeared near his boat and soon Abu was picked up. Now it was the same ship that had abandoned Abu sometime ago, but the captain failed to recognise the young man, so changed was the latter in appearance. But Abu recognised him and vowed to get even for the treatment he had received at the hands of the captain.

When they had sailed some distance in the sea, Abu heard moaning sounds coming from a box kept in the forecastle of the ship. Curiosity getting the better of him, he opened it stealthily to find a comely looking man groaning inside. The latter stepped out and said, "Friend, we must escape. This is a pirate ship. They'll kill us if they discover us."

Abu said, "Are they pirates? Well, now I'll relish my fight."

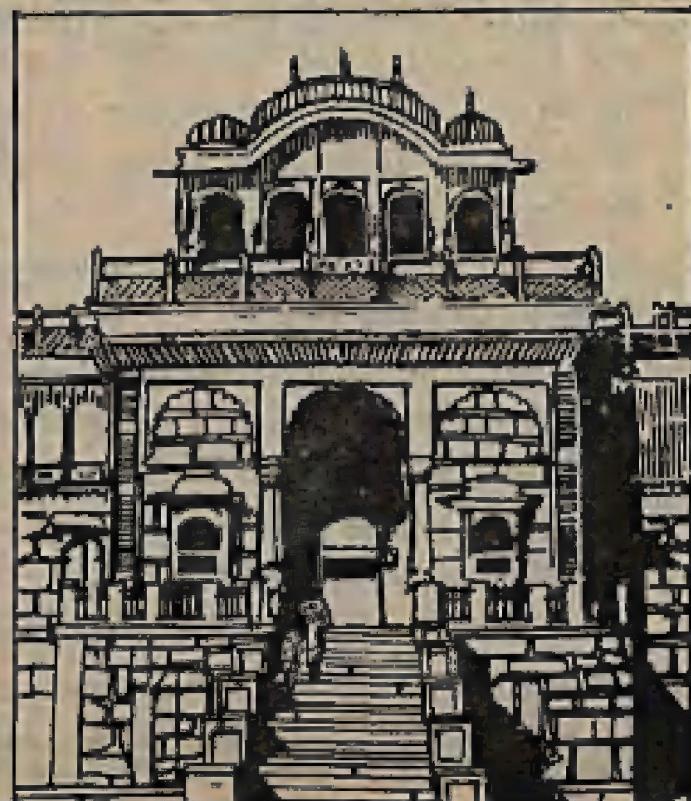
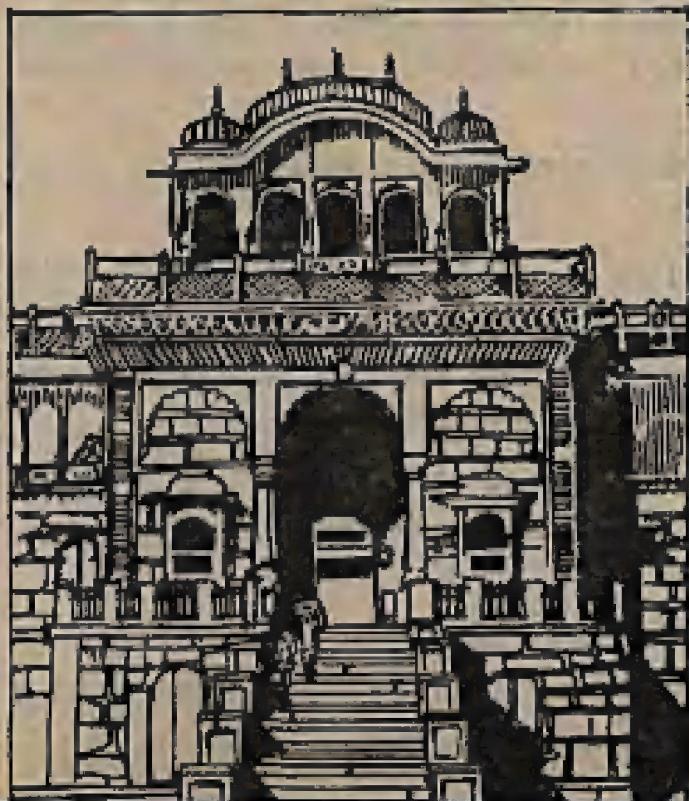


Then walking up to the captain, he caught him by the waist and threw him overboard. This sudden attack confused the crew but in an instant they hurried towards him with drawn swords. But Abu and his friend picked up two stout cudgels and felled the robbers right, left and centre. At last the battle ended in a victory for the two young men.

Then the stranger took Abu by the hand and said, "Friend, know that, I am the prince of this land. These pirates kidnapped me when I was walking on the shore. Come with me and be my bodyguard. I'll pay you well."

So Abu became a royal bodyguard and lived all his life happily at the royal palace.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Here are nineteen questions on famous people. If you can get 15 correct without peeping at the answers on page 60 you are certainly above average.

1. Who was in command of HMS Bounty when the Crew mutinied?
2. Which American President was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth?
3. Who was the famous Indian Poet who was awarded the Noble Literature Prize in 1913?
4. Which English writer married Anne Hathaway?
5. What was the name of the French heroine known as 'The Maid of Orleans'?
6. In 1909 a Frenchman was the first man to fly across the English Channel. What was his name?
7. Which Scots born scientist is generally credited with inventing the telephone?
8. Which American explorer made the first flight over the South Pole?
9. Wilhelm Rontgen a physicist is chiefly remembered for one particular discovery. What was it?
10. Pierre and Marie Curie succeeded in isolating a radio-active substance. What was it?
11. A Mongol conqueror renowned for his cruelty invaded India in the 14th century. What was his name?
12. Dr. Alfred Nobel left part of his fortune to a fund for annual prizes to persons who have contributed materially to the benefit of mankind. From what invention did Dr. Nobel amass his fortune?
13. Who was the famous sea navigator who discovered the sea route to India round the Cape of Good Hope?
14. What was the name the most illustrious figure. In Sanskrit literature and the greatest Oriental Poet?
15. What was the name of the great explorer who during the 14th century journeyed through India and China and published Chronicles on his findings?
16. What was the name of the first Governor-General of India?
17. He sailed around the world, and made the first ever solo air flight from Australia to Japan. Who was it?
18. Can you name the English architect who planned New Delhi?
19. Communism is based on the teachings of a German philosopher. Who was he?



Seven centuries ago, Stavoren, which is now a quiet little village in Holland, was a great, rich city. Its wealth came from the sea, for Stavoren had a splendid harbour and ships came from all over the world to trade. They brought treasures from countries far across the sea.

The people of Stavoren were very rich and proud, but the richest and proudest of them all was a lady called Mrs. van Byck. She had golden hinges on the windows and golden handles on the doors and even a big gold-knocker on the front door.

Her dog, Bruno, was just like her, the proudest and most unpleasant dog in the whole of Stavoren. His mistress hired

three maids, to feed him, brush him and comb him, bath him in rose water twice a week and generally look after him. This made him smell very odd and none of the other dogs would make friends with him. They thought him rather a swank. Bruno did not mind. He had seven different collars, each one studded with different precious stones and he stuck his nose in the air, growled at the other dogs and behaved very badly indeed. Sometimes, he even snapped at the parrot in the golden cage, in the parlour. Nobody ever said he was naughty, for after all, he belonged to the richest lady in Stavoren.

Mrs. van Byck wanted to prove that she was richer than



the richest of her neighbours, so she summoned the captain of her biggest ship and said to him: "Here is some money. Take it and sail round the world and bring me back the most precious thing you can find."

The captain sailed away, very puzzled. As soon as he reached the open sea, he questioned all his men to find out what was

the most precious thing in the world. Some said gold. Others said diamonds. One said that fine silks were most precious, for they fetched a good price in the market. The captain asked each of his men in turn and he received so many different answers that he did not know what to do. At last it was the turn of the little cabin

boy. The boy said: "I know what is the most precious thing in the world, for I have known what it is to be hungry. It is wheat."

The captain thought about this answer for a while. It seemed a very sensible answer. He set full sail for the Baltic Sea and there he bought a huge cargo of wheat. He stored it in the hold and sailed for Stavoren.

Mrs. van Byck heard that her ship had been sighted and she put on Bruno's collar, called her carriage and drove to the harbour. "I must see what my captain has brought me. It is the richest treasure in the world," she called to the people who had flocked to the harbour to watch the ship come in.

The ship docked and the captain went ashore and saluted Mrs. van Byck. "Madame, I have brought you the most wonderful thing in the whole world," he said.

"What is it?" she asked. "A golden clock with emerald hands and works made entirely of diamonds?"

"No!" said the captain.

"A statue of ivory and gold and precious stones, from a

far-away country in the South Seas?"

"No!" said the captain.

"Is it, then, glittering jewellery, delicately carved and set with the richest jewels, from the countries of the East?" cried the lady, now almost beside herself with curiosity.

"No!" said the captain.

"Well, what is it then?"

"It is wheat. Ripe, golden wheat."

"Wheat?" said the lady. "Ordinary, common wheat? Why even the commonest people can have wheat. Throw it in the sea. At once!"

"But Madame!" said the captain. "At least if you do not want the wheat, let me give it to the poor, who need it. After all, you might be poor yourself, one day."

Mrs. van Byck took the huge emerald ring from her finger and flung it into the sea, saying,





"As surely as I shall never see that ring again, I shall never be poor. Now throw the wheat that you brought back into the sea."

The captain sailed to the harbour entrance, as he had been ordered and dumped the wheat overboard, into the sea.

Next day, proud Mrs. van Byck had fish for dinner. Of course, it was fresh caught fish and when she cut it open, there inside lay her emerald ring.

That night there was a great storm. The proud lady's ships were wrecked and so were those of many other rich people.

The proud lady had to live by selling the jewellery she owned, to buy food, for she was now quite poor. Bruno, her dog, had to stop being proud and he was the only one who was happy. He found out

what it was like to be friendly with other dogs and join in their noisy games. He no longer wished to be bathed in rose water and have three maids and seven valuable collars. He played games and fought other dogs and chased all the alley cats and came home quite dirty and no one minded any more.

Meanwhile, at the entrance to the harbour, something was happening. The wheat which the captain had thrown overboard, took root and grew. The sand, at the bottom of the sea, was washed towards the harbour and it swirled up between the stalks of wheat and stayed there and gradually built up into a great sandbank. As it grew bigger, it blocked up the mouth of the harbour and the big ships were no longer able to visit Stavoren because they could not get into the harbour. Soon, even the small ships could not get into the harbour and the rich town of Stavoren became poorer and poorer, without its trade.

The sandbank is there to this day, blocking the harbour mouth and it is called Lady's Sand, some say in memory of the proud lady who once lived in Stavoren.



KING MIDAS

wished to speak to the king. The old man wore a crown of wild flowers and ivy and his clothes were crumpled and covered in dust. Midas looked at him carefully. He was sure he had seen the man's face before, but he could not for the life of him remember where. Suddenly the old man's name came to him.

"Why, it is my old friend Silenus, the teacher of Bacchus," exclaimed the king. Bacchus was the god of wine and Midas was one of his admirers so no one was surprised when Midas ordered a feast to be prepared in honour of his unexpected guest. No expense was spared this time and the finest wine, food and entertainment were brought to the palace. For ten whole days the great feast went on. Finally, on the eleventh day, Midas said to the old man:

Once upon a time there was a king called Midas, who was very greedy, stupid and mean. Only one thing in his life mattered and that thing was money. Midas lived in a wonderful palace that was full of priceless treasures and casks of money and all the time he tried to add more and more riches to his collection.

One day his servants brought before him an old man, who



"Dear friend, I would willingly entertain you for the rest of my life but I am afraid that your pupil Bacchus will be wondering what has happened to you. I think it is time you returned to him." Silenus agreed that it was time he returned and Midas promised that he would accompany him on his homeward journey.

On Mount Olympus, Bacchus, the god of wine, was indeed worried about the whereabouts of his old friend and teacher and he was on the point of sending out a search party when Silenus, accompanied by the king, came in sight. Bacchus was overjoyed at seeing his teacher return home safely and to show his thanks, he granted Midas any wish he liked.

The silly and greedy king

replied, "I wish that everything I touch should turn to gold."

"Your wish is granted," said Bacchus.

Without waiting to thank the god, or to refresh himself after the long journey, Midas started on his return journey. He was very eager to try out his new power and increase his riches. As he passed through a wood he stopped at an oak tree and broke off one of its branches. At once the branch turned to gold. The king was so overjoyed that he started to run home. After about five miles he was very tired and hot, so he stopped by a stream to wash his hands and the drops of water that fell from his hands turned to sparkling gold. At last he arrived home and before the huge doors of the palace could be opened he touched them

with his hands and they turned to shining gold.

"Now I can be the richest man in the world," said Midas, who was very satisfied with himself.

The journey home had been very long and tiring and the king had worked up a healthy appetite. He gave the servants orders to lay the table with everything that was in the royal pantry and prepared himself for the large feast that was to come. Alas, the poor king could not eat a thing. Every piece of food he tried to eat turned to gold as soon as his fingers touched it. Even the wine turned to liquid gold. For three whole days he could not eat anything, he could only look at all the lovely food. King Midas was in despair. What could he do? He turned once more to Bacchus, the god.

"Oh, mighty Bacchus," he cried as he lifted his arms, covered with shining golden cloth, towards Mount Olympus. "Oh, mighty Bacchus, I have been a fool to ask you for this gift, which you gave to me. Please have pity on me and free me from this terrible spell so that I can eat and drink."

"I want to make you hap-

py," said Bacchus, the god of wine, "but first you must get rid of all the gold that you have on you. You must go to the River Pattolo and wash yourself in its waters."

The River Pattolo was in Asia Minor, a long way from the king's palace, but by this time Midas was willing to travel anywhere in the world to rid himself of the spell. After a long journey he reached the banks of the river and flung himself into the water. He rubbed his skin so hard that he became quite sore. When he came out of the river he was overjoyed to see that his body had returned to its natural colour. Happy and contented King Midas sat down on the river bank and looked at the world with new eyes. Beautiful, long-necked swans were



swimming on the water and the countryside was covered with a wonderful carpet of green grass and wild flowers. Most important of all, when the king left the river he lost all his meanness and greed.

Even to this day in Asia Minor, you can find small pieces of gold in the River Pattolo and people say these are the remains of the gold that King Midas left behind him.

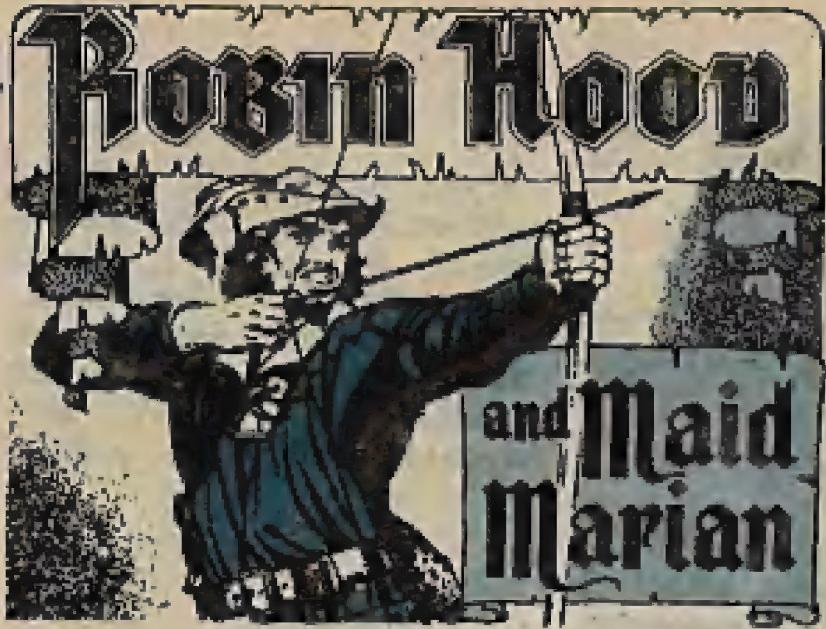


WONDERS WITH COLOURS

Follow the left and colour the right.



Robin Hood



and Maid Marian

Robin and his men made their swift attack, took the Sheriff of Nottingham by surprise. The bands commanded by Will Scarlet and Much the Miller were attacking the castle on other sides, so the Normans scarcely knew which way to turn. Robin's men brought up their battering ram, which was an enormous log of wood. The bowmen protected the men who dashed at the big doors with the

battering ram. It took many men to handle that tremendously heavy log but they were determined to force their way into Nottingham Castle and free their friends. Again and again they charged at the stout doors, driving the battering ram against the timbers. The doors creaked and quivered under the strain. At last, the thick wood beams of the great doors began to splinter and break.





"Once more, lads, and we will be inside!" cried Robin Hood in encouragement. The gallant men drew back, then charged again. The battering ram thudded against the doors and smashed them to pieces.

They were through, at last. Robin's band streamed through the gateway into the castle and Maid Marian and Gwen went with them. Suddenly, Robin turned and saw them. "Marian! Gwen!" he cried, in alarm. "You ought not to be here." Then he lost sight of them.



When Robin Hood was leading his outlaws in their attack on Nottingham Castle, he saw Maid Marian and her friend Gwen, in the crowd of fighting men. He tried to push his way to them, but then they vanished. He looked everywhere for them.

For some time he failed to find them, then suddenly, he saw them, cornered by Sir Geoffrey Malpert, the ruthless Norman knight. It looked as if the next moment would be their last. Marian was calling loudly: "Robin! Help!"



Robin fought his way through the Normans to go to their aid. Hastily fitting an arrow to his bow he took aim and fired. The shaft hit the Norman in the back and felled him to the ground. Marian and Gwen were safe once more.

In another corner of the courtyard, Little John and the Friar were fighting with their fists, for they had not a weapon between them. The Norman soldiers, realising that they were losing the battle, wanted to get rid of them..





They were too late, however, the outlaws saw Little John and the Friar fighting desperately and surged forward to the rescue. Their arrows, cleverly aimed, soon drove the Normans away. Little John and Friar Tuck were free men.

Meanwhile, the battle went and on. The Normans tried very hard to defeat the outlaws but the Sherwood men were too tough for them. Even the Sheriff of Nottingham was laid low by a sharp blow from a wooden cudgel.



Then Friar Tuck and Little John managed to run up to the spot where Robin was ordering the battle. "We are free, Robin," they called joyfully. "That's great news," said Robin. "We have done what we came to do!" said Robin.

Robin shouted loudly to his victorious men. "Back to the forest, lads. They can keep their castle. We have got all we came for. Back to Sherwood!" The outlaws took up the glad cry and retreated, taking their friends with them. When the Sheriff of Nottingham came to his senses in the courtyard, all was quiet. "Robin Hood has won again," he moaned. "What shall I do, now?" But no one was there to answer his question and nobody



bothered. Robin and his outlaws were well on their way. Soon they were back at their secret camp in Sherwood Forest, celebrating their victory with a feast. Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Much the Miller and Will Scarlet, Allan a Dale and Maid Marian and Gwen, her friend—they were all there. Little John called: "Long life to Robin Hood and the merry men of Sherwood Forest!"



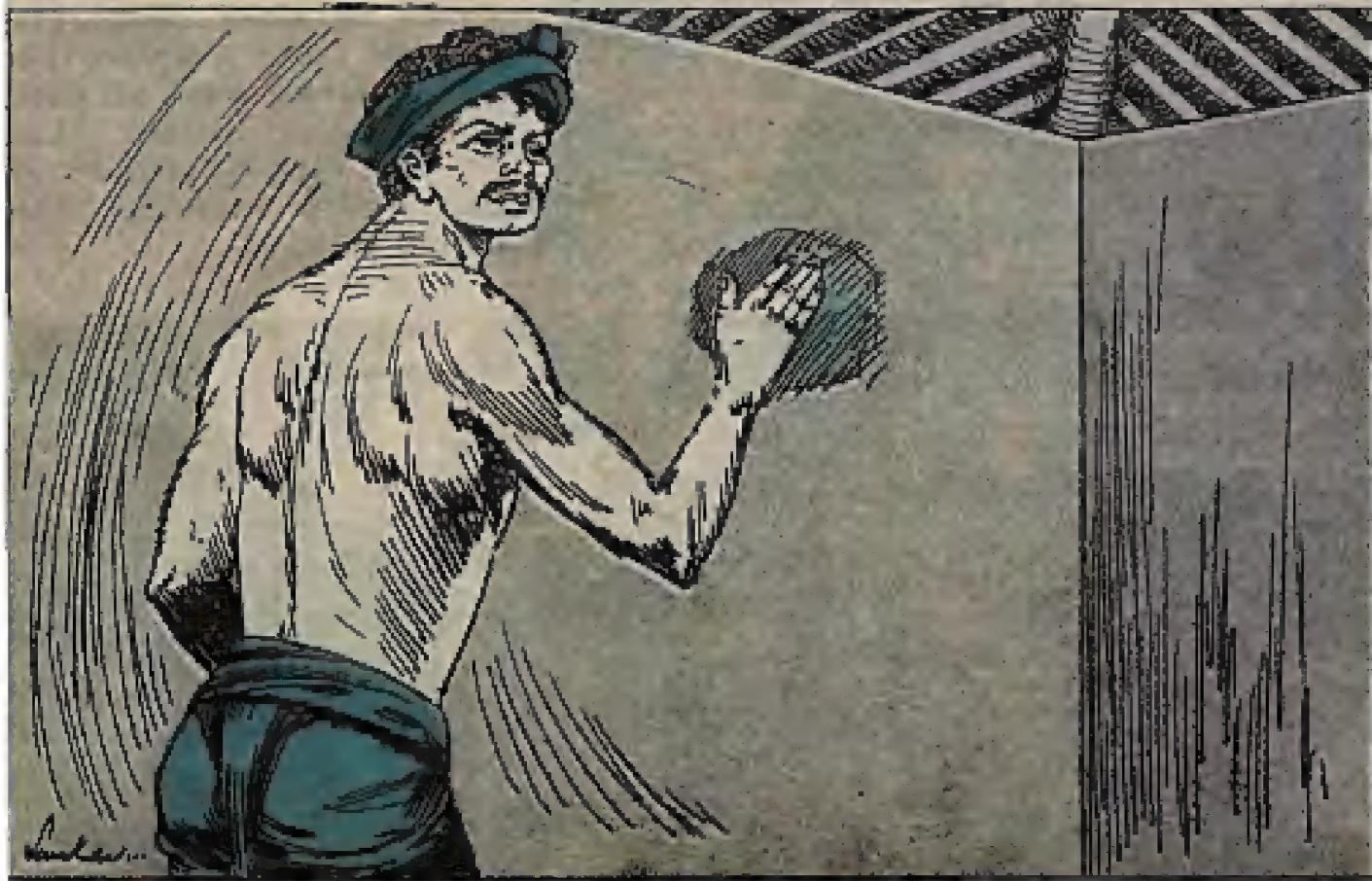
TWO FOOLS

In a certain village lived a poor man. One day by a great stroke of luck he got ten rupees. He dug a hole in the wall of his house and sealed the money there. Then he wrote on the wall with a piece of charcoal, "No money is hidden here."

Some time later his friend Budhu came to his house, but the villager was absent. Budhu saw the writing on the wall and

guessed correctly that some money was hidden there. So he broke the plaster and took out the money. Then he went home hastily.

Back in his house Budhu began to worry lest some one should suspect him of being a thief. So he wrote on the door of his house, "Budhu has not stolen his friend's money." He felt that a great load had been taken off his shoulders.





WHO IS MORE BEAUTIFUL?

Once upon a time the heaven was disturbed by a dispute which arose between Lakshmi, the Goddess of wealth and her elder sister, Mudevi. Each one claimed to be more beautiful than the other. The argument waxed long and fierce and at last they requested Lord Vishnu to sit in judgement. But he sent them off to Lord Brahma who said diplomatically, "I think you are both equally beautiful. I am unable to decide which one of you is more beautiful. So go to Lord Shiva. He should be able to judge."

So Lakshmi and her sister rushed to Mount Kailas and broached their problem to Lord Shiva. He shook his head calmly and said, "How can I hope

to answer a question which has not been settled by Lord Vishnu? Your best bet is to go and ask Sage Narada."

Just then Sage Narada dropped in strumming his celestial lyre. At once the sisters caught hold of him and requested him for his opinion.

Narada pursed his lips and after muttering a few hems and haws, said, "Ladies, I am a bachelor. I know nothing about the beauty of women. But I know a person on earth who'll be able to satisfy your curiosity. His name is Dhanapal Chettiar. Go and ask him."

Now Dhanapal Chettiar, as his name indicated, was a very wealthy merchant and loved



nothing better than amassing riches. He loved the sound of money and thought only of earning more and more.

To this man then came the two Goddesses. Chettiar was delighted to see them and enquired what had brought them to his humble dwelling. So they said, "Tell us, who is more beautiful?"

In answer Chettiar asked them to walk ahead of him while he trailed behind. Then stopping them he asked them to walk towards him. Then he said, "Lakshmidevi is more beautiful

when she comes towards me and Mudevi is more beautiful when she goes away from me."

The two sisters were happy to hear this and departed for heaven satisfied with the verdict.

On earth the belief is that Lakshmidevi is synonymous with wealth. So everyone wants her to come to his dwelling whereas Mudevi who is the Goddess of poverty is entirely unwelcome. The clever Chettiar who wanted to please both and not offend either had tactfully settled the argument on the basis of the old beliefs.



"He hasn't been the same since he read 'The Three Musketeers'."



IONE AND THE PRINCE OF GREECE

Long long ago there lived a prince in Greece. He was good and kind to all. But he did not marry. He rejected all the princesses who were proposed to him. The queen was alarmed at her son's determination not to marry, for she very much wanted a lovely daughter-in-law to adorn the palace. She thought much about this, and came to the conclusion that although her son refused to marry any princess, he would perhaps be willing to marry a poor girl. Now there lived opposite to the palace a poor peasant who had three daughters. The queen called the eldest of the three and said to her, "Girl, I wonder whether my son wishes to marry you. Go and talk to him."

So the maiden went to the prince's room and sat in a corner. The prince came and sat down to write. He was there for some time and then departed. Unnoticed, the maiden sat and slumbered in a corner of the room.

The queen came in and woke her up. "Tell me, what happened? Did my son talk to you?" asked the queen. The girl looked blank and the queen sent her off in a huff. Then she sent for the second daughter of the poor man and instructed her to go and talk to the prince. But the second also fared no better than the first, as the prince did not care to cast a look at her. At last the queen sent for the youngest of the trio to the prince's room.



Soon the prince came into the room and after lighting a candle, began to write. Ione, that was the maiden's name, waited eagerly for the prince to look at her. But he seemed to be lost in his writing. So she said to the nightingale which fluttered in a cage in the corner of the room, "Nightingale, Nightingale, no one speaks to me!" But the Nightingale spoke not a word. Then Ione, addressing the burning candle, said, "Oh Candle, why don't you speak?"

The prince without removing his eyes from his work said in a harassed tone, "Candle, say what you will". Then he left

the room and Ione fell asleep soon after.

When the queen asked Ione what transpired, the latter said, "Oh, the prince and I talked long into the night." The queen was happy to hear this and thought that the prince desired to marry Ione. In the evening Ione stood on the royal terrace waiting for the prince. Her sisters saw her from their window and called out to her, "Ione, Ione, aren't you coming home?"

"No, the Queen has asked me to stay here to-night," said Ione.

"Have you talked to the prince yet?" asked the sisters.

"I have talked a lot!" shouted back Ione. On hearing this the sisters became jealous of her. The eldest told the middle one, "She lies. We must expose her deceit."

Then the two of them went to a jeweller and bought a pearl necklace. They then called Ione and, showing her the necklace, said, "Ask your prince whether he'll buy you one like this?"

That night the prince came to the room and sat down at his accustomed place. At once Ione said, "Oh Candle, my sisters have bought a necklace. Can I buy one like that?" The prince without lifting his head, said, "Oh Candle, the key to the almirah is hanging on the wall. Open the almirah and ask what you will." Ione jumped up and went to the almirah. She opened it and took out a handful of gold coins.

Next day the queen was overjoyed to hear that her son had given Ione some money to buy a necklace. Then Ione went to her sisters and asked them to buy her a pearl necklace as the prince had given the money for it.

Seething inwardly with envy, the two sisters said craftily, "Sister, so you are marrying the prince! Well, then invite us to dinner with you. We want to talk to your husband." Ione promised to do so and sent them off.

That night, Ione sat in a corner of the prince's room and wept bitterly. When the prince came in as usual she said, "Candle, my sisters want to come to the palace and eat with the prince. But how can that be? After all I am a slave. Oh, what shall I do?"

The prince, intent on his work, replied, "Oh Candle!





Make preparations for the dinner."

Next morning Ione told the queen that the prince had given permission for a dinner to be hosted by him. The queen was happy. Ione invited her two sisters to the dinner.

When they came to the prince's room they saw a table laden with all kinds of food. But the prince seemed to be nowhere. So they asked Ione where he was, and she replied that he had gone hunting. Just then the sound of galloping hooves was heard, and soon a guard arrived to say that the prince wished to speak to Ione.

So Ione excused herself and went down. Now all this was planned by Ione herself, so she could get out of the embarrassing situation in which her sisters had put her. Truly she did not know where the prince was. So she searched for him all over the palace. But he was nowhere to be found. At last she came to an underground chamber which had a tunnel leading out. She went into the dark tunnel which took her to a garden in the eastern corner of the palace. When she emerged into the open she saw the waves of water in the distance and realised that she had come to the seashore. As she walked along the seashore she saw the prince lying on the sand. Next to the prince lay a mermaid. Between them slept a handsome child. All three were dressed shabbily. Ione saw this and swiftly went back the way she had come. She went to the queen and said, "Mother, the prince wants to present a couple and a child some clothes a silver comb and silk pillows. He has asked me to fetch them."

The queen, without any hesitation, gave her what she wanted. Then Ione went to her sisters and said, "The Prince will be

late getting back from his expedition. He has requested you to finish the dinner without waiting for him."

The two sisters thought there was something fishy about the whole affair, but they dared not speak to the queen about this. So they went home determined to dig into the mystery.

In the meanwhile Ione ran to the seashore through the secret passage. There she combed the matted hair of the prince neatly and clothed him with dry clothes. Then she ran to the prince's room to wait for him.

Soon the mermaid woke up

and saw that someone had combed and cleaned the wet prince. She realised that it was the handiwork of some maiden, possibly someone whom the prince loved. So she shook the prince roughly by his shoulders. When he opened his eyes, she said angrily, "You love some other woman. I can no longer stay with you."

Saying this she jumped into the sea with her child and vanished from sight. The bewildered prince rubbed his eyes and seemed to have doubts whether he was awake or dreaming. He ran to the palace and went straight to his room.





There he saw Ione weeping silently. Tenderly he took her hand and said, "Ione, Don't weep. Today you saved me from that enchantress. I have been freed from her spell. A long time ago I was walking by the seashore when she arose from the waves and bewitched me. When I implored her to release me, she said some maiden's

unselfish love would restore me to my original state. You are that woman. Therefore I shall marry you, that is, if you want to."

Poor Ione could hardly believe her good fortune. So she married her Prince and lived happily ever afterwards. As for her sisters, well that is another story.

WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF FAIRY RINGS?



In meadows and fields you sometimes see a circle of grass that is discoloured or seems to have been worn away. These rings are due to a fungus that grows below the ground. Its seeds are given out in such a way as to form a circle. The spawn feeds on the roots of the grass and leaves these rings, often called as FAIRY RINGS.



JUDGEMENT

Long long ago, there lived a farmer who led a contented life with his wife.

One day he was returning from the fields with his wife when he saw a flash of light radiating from a crow's nest high up in the fork of a tree. Curiosity getting the better of him he climbed up the tree and found to his delight a bagful of lovely bright pearls. Hurriedly he came down and dragged his wife home.

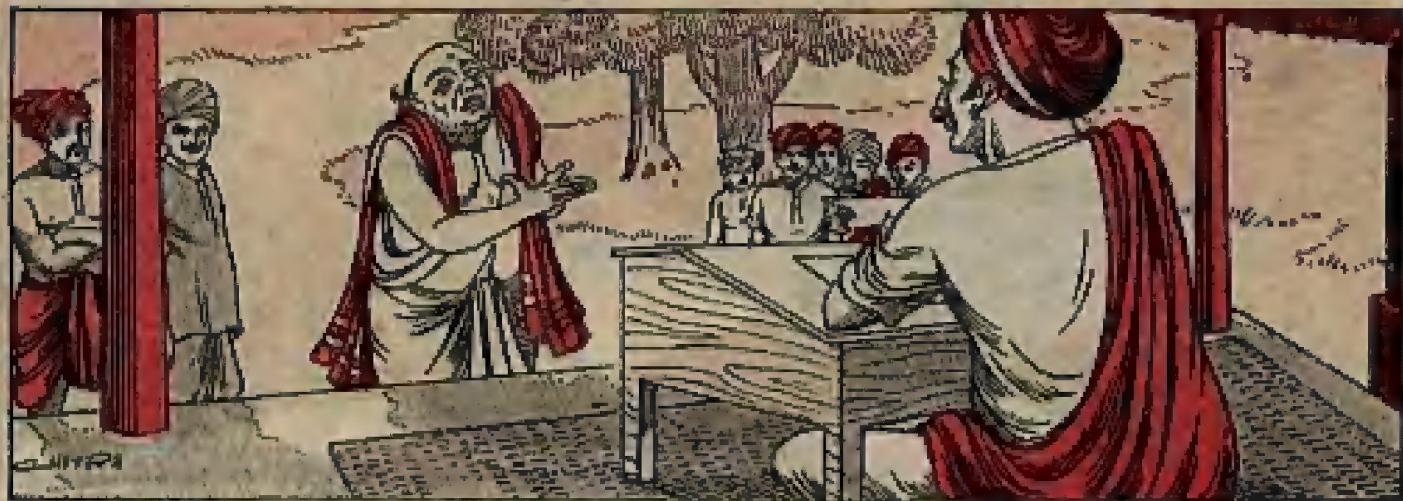
After bolting the door securely from inside, the couple emptied the bag and counted out two hundred sparkling pearls. The farmer's wife asked him to make her a necklace of hundred pearls. So the farmer took the pearls to a jeweller and asked him to make a necklace.

When the necklace was ready, it was so lovely that the jeweller's wife fell in love with it. So she refused to part with it. The poor jeweller did not know what to do and put off the farmer with some excuse or the other each time he came for it.

Annoyed at the delaying tactics of the jeweller the farmer began to threaten him. At once the jeweller bluntly denied ever having received pearls to make a necklace.

At last the poor farmer went to the local Magistrate and related everything. The Magistrate said. "Fellow, don't worry. I'll see that you get justice. But don't tell anybody that you have complained to me."

Then the Magistrate called the jeweller and said, "Look



here, man, here are a hundred pearls in this bag. I want to make a beautiful necklace. Do it quick."

The goldsmith went home and counting out the pieces discovered that there were only ninety-six pearls. But he could not go and tell the Magistrate about that because he would not be believed. So he took out the farmer's necklace and gave it to the Judge. After all the pearls were all of the same variety and no one would know the difference.

As soon as the Judge saw the

necklace, he said, "Ah! So this is the farmer's necklace. After all, I gave you only ninety-six pearls!"

The goldsmith and his wife were taken aback by this and remained silent. Then the Magistrate said in a stern voice, "Tell the truth, and I'll excuse you! Lie and you will go to jail."

The jeweller blurted out the truth and returned the pearls to the Magistrate.

Thus the farmer got back his necklace.

DOES A FISH CLOSE ITS EYES WHEN ASLEEP?

No: fishes cannot close their eyes because they do not have eyelids, and no eyes can be closed unless there are eyelids to cover them. But the fishes do sleep with their eyes open simply because they cannot be closed.

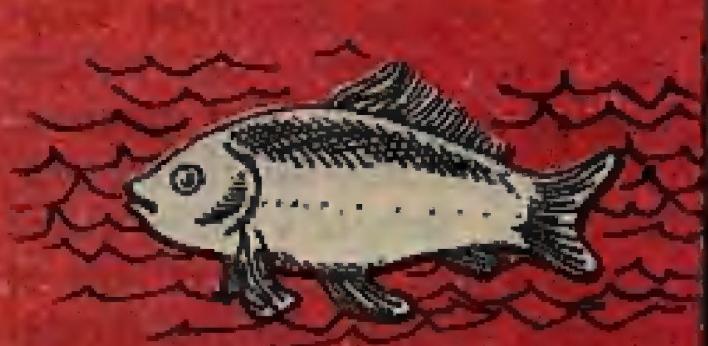


PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr.P.Sundaram



Mr.D.N.Shirke

- * These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words but the two captions must be related to each other.
- * Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 30th September.
- * Winning Captions will be announced in NOVEMBER issue
- * Write your entry on a POST CARD; specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

**PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026**

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in July Issue

The prize is awarded to

Mr. Kaushal Malhan

'Yasundhara'

35 Bhulabhai Desai Road
BOMBAY 400 026.

Winning Entry—"Medieval Bride"—'Modern Bride'



Dankey Fortune

Just outside Morocco there was a small hamlet. In that hamlet there was a round well. The people of that place drew water from this well for their use.

One day a comely youth named Mansoor sat near the mouth of the well and watched the people drawing water from it. He was an orphan. However, he had one relative, an uncle who lived in Morocco.

A sweet looking maiden came up to the well to fill her jugs. Mansoor fell in love with her. He followed her home and learnt that her name was Salima. Her father was a big merchant. Mansoor went to Salima's father and asked for her hand in marriage.

In reply Salima's father said, "Many young men wish to marry my daughter. You are one of them. But whoever wishes to wed my daughter must give me five thousand tolas worth of silver."

Mansoor was very sad to hear this as he could scrape up only fifty tolas from his worldly possessions. As he was brooding over the problem in his mind, he thought of his uncle. He decided to borrow the necessary silver from him.

He went to Morocco and found out his uncle's dilapidated house with great difficulty.

An old and weather beaten donkey stood before the house.

His uncle did not seem very enthusiastic to see Mansoor. His nephew's visit seemed unwelcome to him.

After washing his hands Mansoor sat down for lunch. The old man gave him a piece of dried bread and said, "Son, I am very poor. I can afford to give you only this. I have no money even to buy food."

Rather hesitantly Mansoor explained why he had come. His uncle cackled and said, "I have no silver or money to give you. All I have is that donkey. May be I'll sell the donkey and give you some money."

Mansoor agreed, and the next day, the two of them went to the fair to sell the donkey. But the price offered was only twenty rupees and atlast Mansoor thought he would buy the animal himself. He invited his uncle to stay with him for some time.

Some days later, Mansoor's uncle was coming back to Morocco with the money he had got by selling the ass to Mansoor. But as ill luck would have it, some bandits ambushed the old man, cut him down and ran off with the money.



On hearing the news Mansoor hurried to the forest, recovered his uncle's body and buried it reverently. Then he inspected his uncle's house to see if there were any valuables there. But there seemed to be nothing in that wretched hovel.

But Mansoor's donkey went to a corner of the house and began to paw the surface of the earth. Drawn by curiosity Mansoor dug up the spot and found a heap of gold and silver coins neatly laid out in several jars.

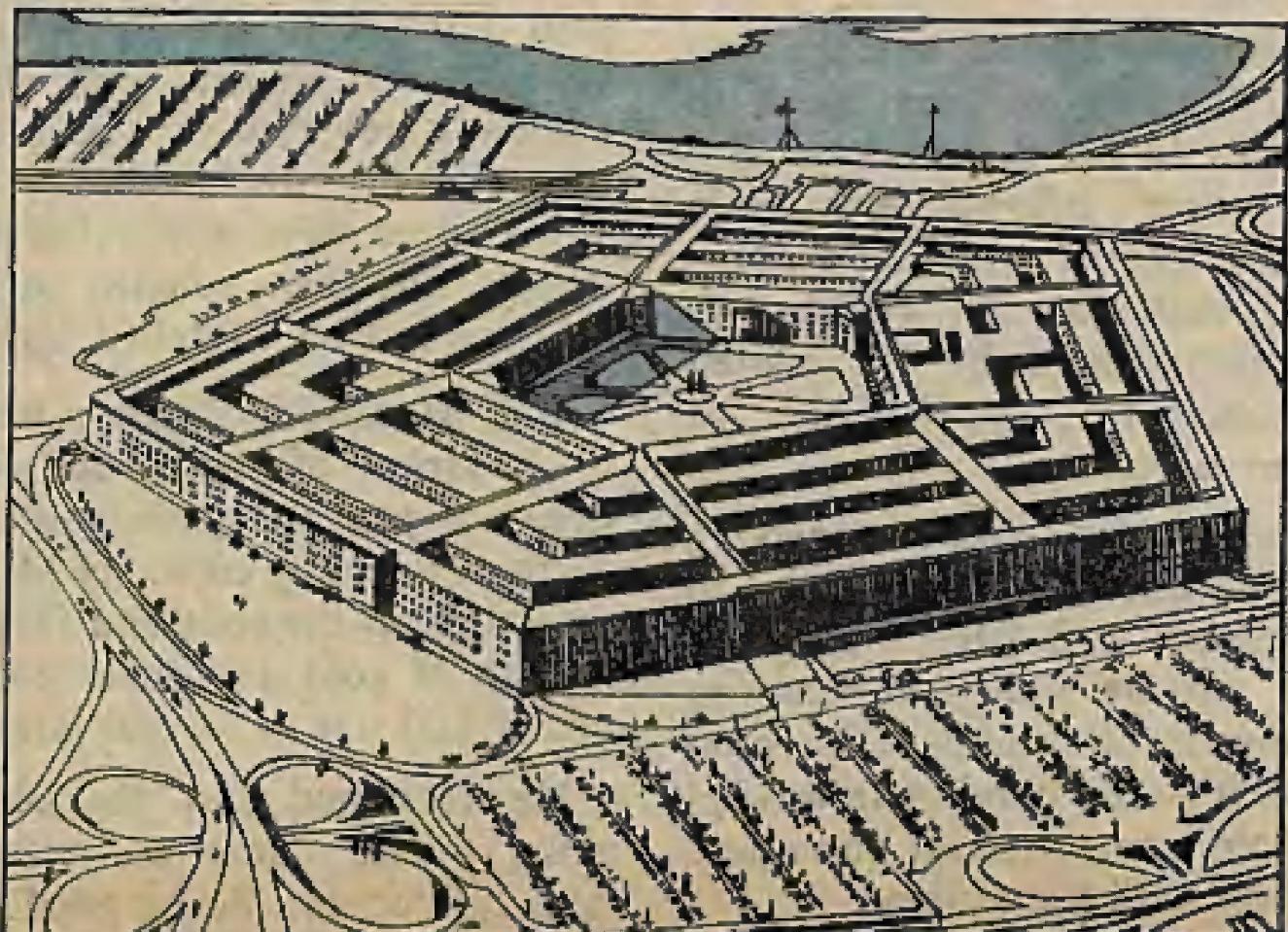
He reckoned that the total value would come to several lakhs of rupees. So he piled all



the stuff on the back of his donkey and went off to see Salima's father. Needless to add the sight of that wealth made Salima's father eager to accept Mansoor as his son-in-law. So one fine day Mansoor

and Salima were happily wed. From that day onwards the donkey that was the cause of Mansoor's fortune became a privileged member of the young couple's household and soon became sleek and fat.

The largest of the government buildings at Washington is the Pentagon, the military headquarters of America. This houses the vital Air Force Command post, which is manned continuously every minute of the year, so that a national emergency can be handled at a moment's notice.



OF WHAT USE FAME?

The King of Roopnagar was renowned for his charitable disposition. People called him Karna of Roopnagar. He could never say 'no' to anyone.

He had a young daughter. So the King began looking for suitors and was at last satisfied that the prince of Kamboja was an eligible bridegroom.

He sent his emissary to the court of Kamboja with his proposal. The royal messenger stood before the King of Kam-

boja and declared, "Sire, our King is renowned for his charity. He gives freely to all. Such a king desires to enter into an alliance with you by marrying his daughter off to your son. What do you say?"

The King of Kamboja replied scornfully, "Your King is charitable because there are too many poor people in your land. I cannot enter into an alliance with a king whose land is so full of beggars."





PRICE OF A ROPE

Once upon a time there lived a farmer who had three sons. He treated them equally.

But when he died, the two older sons shared the property between themselves and deprived the third boy of everything. So the youngest son, whose name was Nithi, asked, "What about me? Don't I get anything?"

The two older brothers brought out a length of rope and said, "This is all you get. Now be off with it."

So Nithi took the rope and went away. While he was travelling through a forest he saw a squirrel. He looped his rope round the animal and caught it.

In this manner he captured a rabbit too. Then he built two cages and put the animals into them. Then, tired after all this, he rested on the banks of a lagoon. He sat there and dreamt of the animals he would catch with his rope. He could sell them and make a lot of money. All the while his hands were plaiting and replaiting the rope.

Unknown to him, a creature of the lagoon watched him from the murky depths. The creature was a water-demon and it sent its son up to find out what the lad was doing.

So a young water-demon came up and stood before Nithi.

But the lad did not show any sign of fear.

The demon asked boorishly, "Man, what do you do here?" "Oh! that," replied Nithi. "I am fashioning a loop with which to encircle and take out the whole lagoon, with all the creature in it."

The alarmed water-demon went back to his father and repeated what Nithi had said. The senior demon said, "Go and propose to compete with him in some game. If he loses, he'll become your slave."

So junior came out of the water and said to Nithi, "I challenge you to climb this tree faster than I can."

Nithi replied carelessly, "I am too busy now, but my brother will take you on. Try and win over him if you can."

Junior consented and Nithi let out the squirrel which scampered up the tree faster than the eye could see. Junior was crest-fallen and went back to senior Demon to report his failure. The latter suggested a running race, and again junior stood before Nithi proposing to run a race with him.

Nithi said airily, "Well, I'll let my other brother compete with you."

With that he let out the rabbit which ran like the wind and



disappeared from sight in the twinkling of an eye.

Feeling very sad, junior went back to report yet another failure. This time the water-demon instructed its son to challenge Nithi to a personal combat.

When Nithi heard the proposal he was frightened. Just then he saw a bear going that way. Quickly he pointed out to the bear and said, "There is another brother of mine. Go and fight with him first."

So the junior demon pounced upon the bear and was badly wounded. Bleeding from every part of his body he went back and admitted his defeat at the hands of Nithi's small brothers.

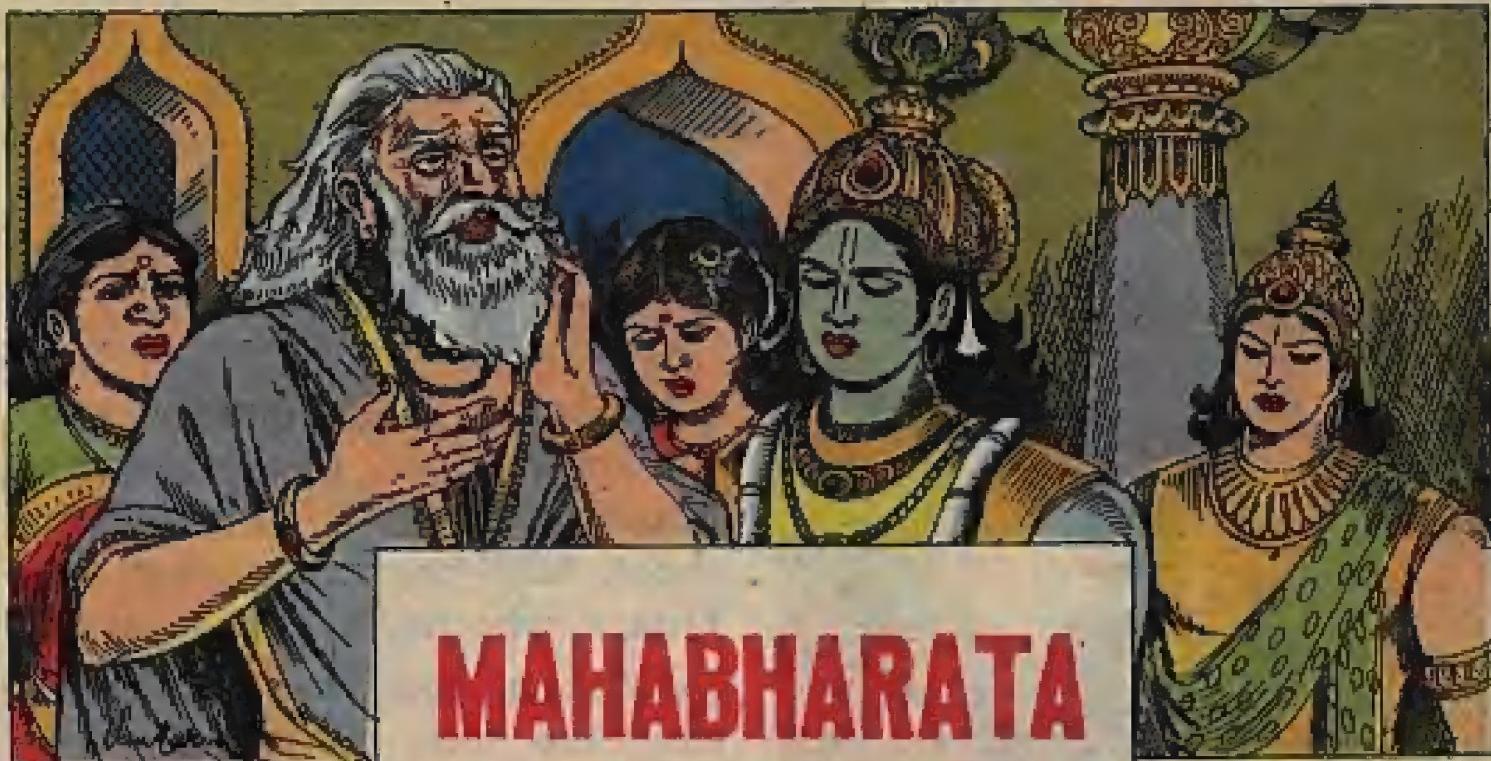
Then the water demon thoroughly frightened sent his son again to Nithi and asked how much money he wanted to leave them in peace.

Nithi took off his cap and indicated that he wanted it full to the brim. When junior departed, Nithi quickly dug a pit in the sand and after tearing off the upper portion of the cap, placed it on the mouth of the pit.

When junior came back with a small bag of gold coins he emptied it into the cap, but everything fell into the pit. Several trips the water-demon had to make before the cap could be full.

When the water-demon finally left, Nithi tied all the money into a huge bundle and returned to the village, a very wealthy man. His jealous brothers plied him with questions and got the secret out, at last. Then they rushed to the lagoon each with a rope, but they never came back. Presumably, the creature from the black lagoon had gobbled up them.





MAHABHARATA

After the coronation of Yudhishtira, Srikrishna stayed on at Hastinapura for quite some time. Then he felt a desire to see his father Bosudev. So he returned to Dwarka, accompanied by Sathyaki and Subhadra.

Bosudev heard from Krishna all about the great battle and was extremely sad to know about the death of Abhimanyu, his grandson.

Yudhishtira decided to explore the Himalayas for the wealth buried there. The Pandavas, after obtaining permission from Dhritarashtra, Kunti and Gandhari, advanced towards the Himalayas, followed by their army. After crossing many a forest, river and hill, they reached the vast Himalayan region

and located the place where Marutta's wealth remained deposited. They fasted and meditated for a whole night and paid their homage to Shiva, Kuvera and Manibhadra the next day. They propitiated the spirits too, by offering them sacrifices. Then they found out the various kinds of utensils which were hidden there—plates and urns and bowls and cups—all made of gold. Their quantity was great and a large number of camels and horses and vehicles as well as men were required to carry them. The Pandavas began their return journey to Hastinapura, thus equipped with wealth.

The new
Yagn

*medha
and*



Devi addressed Krishna, "O Krishna, you alone can save this child. The boy seems to have been the victim of Aswasthama's deadly arrow. Please bestow your Grace on him and revive him."

Subhadra and Uttara and Draupadi too pleaded with Krishna to this effect. The shock had been too great for Uttara, who had swooned away.

Krishna touched the child with his foot. Instantly the child showed signs of life. All were delighted. Brahmins poured their blessings on the infant. The child was the symbol of great ordeals and trials which the Pandavas had successfully surmounted. Hence Krishna named the child as Parikshit—the Tried One. The baby recorded a healthy growth, as days passed.

When Parikshit was a month old, the Pandavas returned from the Himalayas. The city put on a gay appearance and welcomed them. The Yadavas advanced and received them. There was great rejoicing with songs and dances. Amidst such manifestations of joy the Pandavas entered their city. They were immensely pleased to learn that a grandson had been born to them and

he left for Hastinapura along with Pradyumna, Sathyaki, Samba, Charudheshna, Gada, Kritavarma, Balarama and Subhadra. They were affectionately received by Dhritarashtra and Vidura. This time Krishna enjoyed the hospitality of Yuyutsu.

Soon Uttara gave birth to a son. But the child did not cry and lay lifeless. That made all depressed. Kunti was rushing to look up Krishna when, along with Sathyaki, Krishna arrived there. Subhadra, Draupadi and all other women began to weep when they saw the baby.

although he was born lifeless, Krishna had graciously breathed life into him. They expressed their deep gratitude to Krishna.

Thereafter, Yudhishtira prepared for the Aswamedha, with the sanction of Vyasa and Krishna. He took the vow for the Yagna on a sacred day. The horse for this rite was to be selected by the Brahmins and the charioteers together. The horse was to travel across all the countries before returning to its owner. That was the custom.

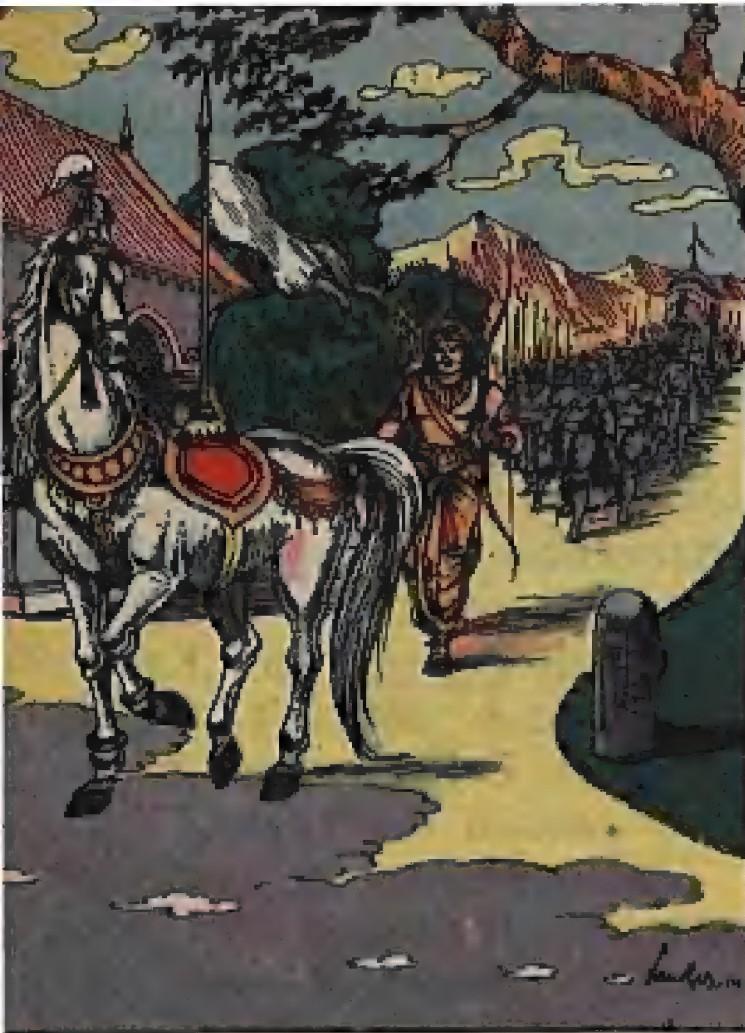
Now that Yudhishtira was dedicated to this sacred rite, the burden of ruling the king-

dom was vested in Bhima, who was to be assisted by Nakula. Arjuna was to follow the horse, looking after it and protecting it. Sahadev was to manage the family affairs.

Yudhishtira advised Arjuna who was to follow the horse: "Remember, O Arjuna, that while following the horse if you are challenged by any Kshatriya, then do not rush to fight with him; better invite him to participate in the Yagna."

After due ceremony, Yudhishtira himself released the horse. Arjuna followed it with his bow—the Gandiva. All the citizens cheered them. Along with Arjuna went a disciple of





Yagnavalkya as the caretaker of the horse, some Brahmin scholars and a number of Kshatriyas. To begin with, the horse covered the ground which the Pandavas had won in the last battle.

Although Yudhishtira had advised Arjuna to avoid fighting, Arjuna, nevertheless, had to fight with several people. Who challenged him—the Kiratas or Kshatriyas—

ed by him.
ja was one of those
Arjuna during the
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but they discharged arrows at him. Arjuna was obliged to fight with them and soon he succeeded in killing their leaders, Surya Verma, and his lieutenants, Ketudhram, Ghritaverma and others, eighteen in all. Then their army surrendered to him.

At Pragytishpur, Vajradatta, son of Bhagadatta, fought with Arjuna. Arjuna defeated him, but instead of killing him, he invited him to attend the Yagna.

Arjuna had to fight with the army of Saindhava too. They were routed. Saindhava had died in the Mahabharata battle. His wife Dussala was the daughter of Dhritarashtra. Their son, Suratha died at the very news that Arjuna was advancing with the horse.

Dussala placed her grandson on a chariot and brought him to Arjuna's presence and said, "Like Parikshit, this child too is a grandson of yours. Look at this infant's face and pardon all the Saindhavas. I am sorry that his grandfather was your enemy. But please forget all that."

Arjuna embraced his sister Dussala and asking them to return home, advanced with the horse.

After a few days the horse

stepped into the land of Manipur. Babrubahan was then the ruler of the land. He was the son of Arjuna and Chitrangada. When he heard of his father's arrival, he, in company with some Brahmins, went to see him.

But Arjuna was not pleased with his son's conduct. He shouted, "Are you not a Kshatriya? If yes, why don't you try to take hold of this horse and challenge me to fight? Don't you know that I have not come here to enjoy your hospitality or sweet words? Are you not ashamed of your shyness?"

Uloopi appeared on the scene and told Babrubahan, "My child, I am a daughter of the Nagas and I am a mother to you. I advise you to fight with your father, for that is what would please him."

Babrubahan now felt inspired to fight. He dressed up as a warrior and confronted his father. Soon there ensued a grave fight between the two and both fell senseless. Chitrangada, on reaching there, was shocked to find her husband and son in such a condition and she wept. Babrubahan who got back his sense a little later, repented for having been the cause of his



father's fall and his mother's sorrow. He took to penance.

But Uloopi came there again and told him, "Do you think that your father died in your hands? Don't you know that nobody can ever defeat him? With my occult power, I have just created some illusions. Come on, take this jewel and touch him a touch of this. He will once sit up." Babrubahan accordingly. Arjuna got up from a spell of sound

Arjuna embraced I and was happy . Chitrangada did you he as



Uloopi replied, "You killed Bhishma in an improper way. Thereby you had earned sin. I had you temporarily killed by your son in order to rid you of that sin."

Arjuna was happy to learn this. He invited Barbubahan to participate in the Aswamedha.

Barbubahan requested Arjuna to spend at least one night as guest. But Arjuna declined, saying that it was imperative for him to follow the horse

went up to the sea
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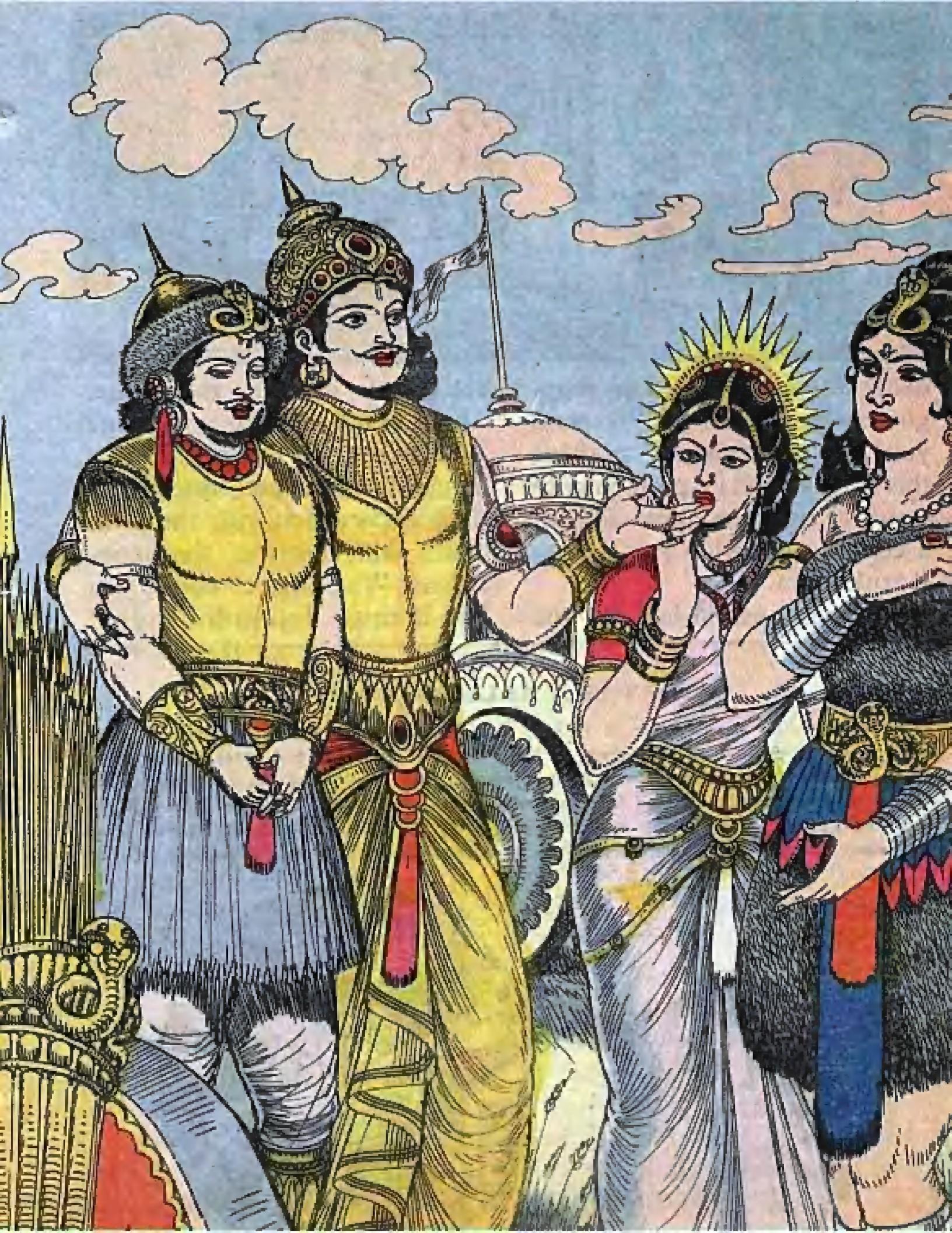
the capital of Magadha. The king of Magadha, Meghasandhi, challenged Arjuna to a battle, but was defeated.

Arjuna appreciated his style of fighting. He told him, "You are young. Yet you fought masterly. I do not feel like killing you. I invite you to attend the Aswamedha which my elder brother Yudhishtira is going to perform.

Thereafter Arjuna had to give battle to Mlechcha, Nishadha, Sakuni's son as well as the kings of Gandhara, Dravida, Andhra and Odra. He defeated them all and returned to Hastinapura. Only a month more was left for the sacred day of the Yagna and preparations were in full swing.

Innumerable people gathered to see the Yagna, including scholars and kings. Krishna had come with Sathyaki, Pradyumna, Samba, Krithavarma and several Yadavas. Babubahan came with Chitrangada and Uloopi.

The Aswamedha was performed with great pomp and due ceremonies. All those who attended the function were given rewards by Yudhishtira. All praised the performance and the patron, Yudhishtira, Sud-





denly there appeared a mongoose who announced, "It seems you are not tired of praising this Yagna. But no performance can ever rival the noble deed of a certain sage who lived in the Kurukshetra."

All were astonished at the

statement of the mongoose. They asked, "Who are you? Where from do you come? This Yagna has been performed strictly in accordance with the principles laid down in the scriptures. What defect could you find in this? Tell us the truth!"

(Contd.)

WHAT IS A KALEIDOSCOPE ?

This is a toy which was invented in 1817 by the British scientist Sir David Brewster; There were many forms, the simplest being a tube about a foot long and three inches across. Through it ran three mirrors, arranged in a triangle. At one end of the kaleidoscope were two glass screens which enclosed fragments of coloured glass of all shapes and sizes. At the other end of the tube was the eyepiece. By rolling the tube the fragments moved about, and were reflected in the mirrors to give an endless display of colourful patterns.





THE DUMB PRINCESS

Once upon a summer time a certain prince fell in love with the picture of a beautiful princess and wanted to marry her. His friends tried to dissuade him by saying that all the suitors who had tried for her hand were dead. But he would have none of it and set out for the land of the princess with a few followers.

On the way he bought a cage with a bird in it. The bird was a tiny sparrow. When the prince exclaimed in disgust at the size of the bird, the sparrow twittered and said, "O Prince, I'll bring you great luck. Throw this cage away and put me in the pocket of your jacket."

The prince was quite surprised to hear the sparrow speak

but he did as the bird suggested. Then he came to the land of the princess and went to the king's court.

"O King," he said, "I have come to woo your daughter into marriage."

The king replied, "My daughter hasn't spoken for seven years. I'll marry her off to the man who can make her speak. If you fail to do this, I'll have your head cut."

The Prince urged by the hidden sparrow agreed to undertake the task and was conducted into the presence of the dumb princess.

The prince asked politely, "How do you do?"

The Princess did not reply.



Then the sparrow whispered to the Prince. "Put me on the mantelpiece and ask it to tell you a story."

The Prince was puzzled by this, but as he had a lot of faith in the bird, he did as he was told.

Then he addressed the mantelpiece, "O Mantelpiece, the Princess may be dumb, but surely you can tell me a story."

At this the Princess thought he was mad but what was her surprise to hear the mantelpiece speak. The sparrow hidden in the mantelpiece said, "Prince, why do you try to speak to the Princess? She is mad!"

When the Princess heard this, she wanted to cry out in anger that she was not mad, but she clamped her mouth tight and watched everything quietly.

The Prince said, "O Mantelpiece, I feel bored. Do tell me a story." So the sparrow began to relate a story.

In a certain village lived three brothers. The eldest was a good worker. The second fellow was a good washerman. The third one was a dunce, but he had a lot of faith in God. Once all three of them set out from their village for the next city. On the way they rested in a large cave. The eldest

kept watch at the mouth of the cave, and to while away the time took up a piece of wood and carved the figure of a maiden on it. The second fellow clothed it well. The third fellow prayed to God that it may live. So the figure came to life.

The sparrow stopped and said, "O Prince, now tell me. Who amongst the three deserved to marry the wood maiden?"

The Prince replied, "Why, the eldest, of course! He was the one who fashioned her."

The sparrow said, "Nonsense. The man who clothed her should marry the maiden."

Not being able to contain herself the Princess burst out with, "Both of you are fools, the third brother should marry

her. After all, he gave her life."

The Prince clapped his hand with delight and said, "Ha, Ha, the Princess has spoken."

Every one in the palace said, "Yes. The Princess has spoken."

The king came running and asked the Prince eagerly, "So you have made my daughter speak?"

"Of course, I have," said the happy Prince.

"He has not," sharply exclaimed the Princess and then closed her mouth tight.

The king rolled on the ground in happiness and true to his word married her off to the clever Princess. As for the sparrow the Prince took good care of the bird and never allowed it out of his sight all his life.





THE TALKING CAVE

Deep inside a forest a lone jackal had chosen a cosy cave for his residence. He had, of course, very little time to be there except at night, for he had to roam about continuously in search of food.

A certain tiger in the forest had grown very old. There was a time when he used to have a pair of choice rabbits for his breakfast, a full-size deer for his lunch and either a travelling salesman or the king's constable who happened to pass by the forest as his dinner. But now he was old and since he recovered from a massive heart attack he

could give chase only to turtles. And the turtles rarely cared to visit the forest.

One evening he chanced upon the jackal's cave. He entered it and from the smell knew that a jackal lived there. "Let me quietly lie here. I will have a good rest and at the right moment the supper would just walk into my mouth," he thought as he sprawled on the floor.

Late in the evening the jackal returned home. He whistled merrily as he walked leisurely, dreaming of dreamful sleep. He was about to enter the cave,

when, in the moon light, he could see a pair of big footprints pointed towards the cave. At first he thought that they were his own. He felt flattered and told himself, "Pity, I do not have a mirror. It seems I have grown as big as a tiger!"

But as soon as he uttered 'tiger', his heart shrank and at that he told himself, "the heart does not seem to have grown as big as a tiger's. In that case I doubt if my paws could have grown either. That means these are not my footprints!"

He bounced back and looking at the cave with misgivings, he

shouted, "Hello, Cave, whenever I return, you shout, Welcome, Jackal dear! How is it that you keep mum today? It seems you are frightened. What is the matter?"

The tiger heard what the jackal said with great attention. He thought that the cave had obviously been frightened on account of his presence. So, without any delay, he roared, "Welcome, Jackal dear, welcome by all means!"

The Jackal ran for his life. "A talking cave, eh? Never heard of it!" he said while he thanked his maker for having given him some presence of mind.

Prof. Manoj Das





THE RIGHT CHARITY

Long long ago there lived a Sultan in Persia. He ruled over a territory called Tamask. Once a neighbouring king invaded his country, and the Sultan of Tamask prayed to God for victory in the battle. He promised to give each devotee of God one golden flower and one golden fruit if he emerged victorious in the war.

The Sultan won and the forces of the intruder ran away in confusion. The joyous monarch now ordered his vizier to distribute the golden flowers and fruits to all the devotees of God. The vizier, a very clever man, realised that if the Sultan's orders were carried out, the royal treasury would immediately become empty. There would be

pay the soldiers, and consequently there would be no army to oppose the forces of any invader. He decided to thwart the Sultan's grand scheme.

So the vizier went to the Sultan and said, "Sire, I searched all over the land. I could not find even a single devotee of God. Probably because no true devotee ever aspires for gold."

The Sultan who was no fool saw through the pretence of the vizier. He said, "So you do not like that I should distribute my wealth in this fashion. I'll prove that you are wrong and at the same time show you a true devotee of God. On the West of our capital there is a

mountain lives a holy man. He eats nought but the leaves and roots offered to him. He prays to God with a steadfastness unrivalled by anyone. Now, can you prove that he is a fake, and not a true believer in God?"

The vizier accepted the challenge and the next day he went to see the Holy man. He saw that the Sultan had spoken the truth. The Holy man was simple soul who sat with his eyes closed, and his hands clutched a string of beads. The vizier addressed him thus, "Holy Sir, Our Sultan desires that you should visit him in the palace. He will build for you a lovely house where you will be given all comforts. Of course you can visit the cave whenever you are tired of the city. But if you come the whole country will feel blessed."

Now the hermit was filled with a lot of curiosity to see the city of which he had heard so much. Though he was reluctant to leave his cave, the vizier's words that he could go back to the cave whenever he chose comforted him. So he set out for the city.

Soon a beautiful palace arose in the heart of the city and the hermit was comfortably lodged



there. All kinds of luxuries were heaped on him, lovely maidens danced attendance upon his every whim. He ate and drank like a prince of the realm. Soon the hermit changed and plunged headlong into a life of pleasure.

One day the vizier brought the Sultan to see the hermit. They looked through the latticed window of a room, and saw the hermit revelling in untold pleasures. Said the vizier to the Sultan, "Sire, Have you seen how this erstwhile hermit rods and trips to the tunes of that singing girl? Where is his holiness and steadfastness of mind?"



If you gave gold to such devotees what havoc will they not cause in the land? It would be best if you build caravanserais to weary travellers who will then bless you in gratefulness."

The Sultan took the hint and forthwith sent the hermit packing to his cave. Then he built inns and caravanserais on the main roads and all the land praised him for his generosity.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

ANSWERS

1. CAPTAIN WILLIAM BLIGH; 2. ABRAHAM LINCOLN;
3. RABINDRANATH TAGORE; 4. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; 5. JOAN OF ARC (Jeanne d'arc); 6. LOUIS BLEROIT; 7. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL; 8. REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD BYRD; 9. X-RAYS; 10. RADIUM;
11. PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY; 12. DYNAMITE;
13. VASCO DA GAMA; 14. KALIDAS; 15. MARCO POLO; 16. WARREN HASTINGS; 17. SIR FRANCIS CHICHESTER; 18. SIR EDWARD LUTYENS; 19. KARL MARX.

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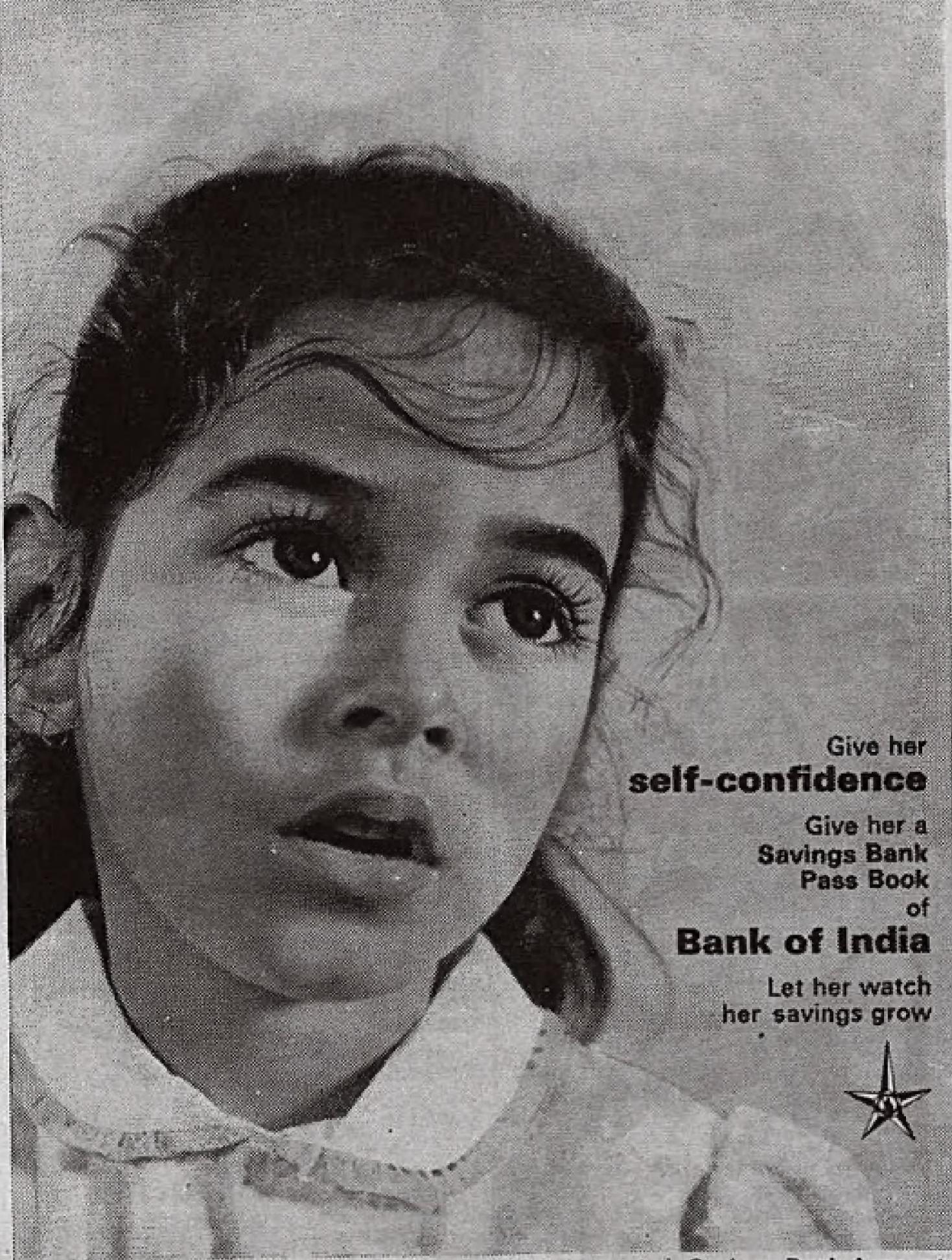
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